



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1804.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

[It has been observed by some ill-natured wit, or old bachelor, that *female* friendships are often formed in a minute, and broken in an hour. It has long been suspected, that, notwithstanding the plausibility of smiling professions, a woman rarely continues her regard for one, who, in the opinion of the *gentlemen*, has a brighter eye or more winning smile, than herself.

We recommend, to the consideration of all boarding-school misses, the following Essay, written by one of the most successful imitators of Addison's easy style and smiling satire.] *P. Fel.*

*Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si praebeat aures;  
Nemo petit, medicis quae mittebantur amicis  
A Seneca; quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat  
Largiri. Juvenal.*

WHAT suggested to me the subject of this paper, was a truly interesting conversation which took place a few days ago, at the Society of Ladies, on the present state of *female friendship*. As I can patiently allow the fair sex to be deficient in none of the qualities which sweeten the commerce of life, I was beyond measure disappointed and chagrined, at seeing a report laid before the board, which held out a very unfavorable representation of the friendship of the female world. As my natural cheerfulness of character makes me no inconsiderable favorite among the young ladies, I am not unfrequently taken into their confidence, and I am so eminently indulged, as to be permitted sometimes to peruse the letters which pass between them in that celestial intercourse which succeeds to the confinement of a boarding-school. I was so struck with one of these, which was put into my hands about half a year ago, that I could not forbear transcribing it, to preserve so sacred a memorial of disinterested affection; and having been permitted to insert it in my paper, whenever the honor of the sex might appear to require it, I think I cannot choose a fitter moment for its introduction than when it may serve to counterbalance

what I shall afterwards with pain produce on the other side.

*Isabella Clara Matilda to Sophia Saccharissa Myrtilla.*

"Alas! and could then Myrtilla for a moment imagine that her Matilda could forget her Myrtilla's last injunction? or am I only dreaming? No, never, "while memory holds a seat in this distracted brain." No, never, while I move in this interested scene of selfish content. But no more—why fatigue you with a repetition of what you have so long been convicted of? Matilda forget her Myrtilla! perish the thought. No, that sacred lock I will carry with me inviolate to my cold grave, to revive the never-perishing remembrance of the—. But why mention her? Yes, my Myrtilla knows whom I should have said, without the formality of names. True friendship disdains to particularise. Even after the cold hand of death shall put his icy seal upon my lips, my heart shall still vibrate to the chord of friendship. Blessed idea, and only known to hearts where sensibility takes up her melting abode! Dear sensibility! balm to my spirits, and solace to my cares! but no more of that. I will touch a livelier key. All hearts are not alike framed for the exquisite pleasures of melancholy. You are a wicked jade, Myrtilla, for deserting me at the moment you did. As soon as you were gone, my old persecutor, Sir Harry, pushed himself into your place, still full of your tender idea. You may imagine, my dear, my situation. All my train of reflections were put to flight, by that tiresome tale of his unconquerable passion. Never, never shall my heart acknowledge any other sentiments than those which friendship inspires. Thy precious lock, dearest girl, is part consigned to the sacred custody of my bracelet, and part interwoven in my own hair, an emblem of our inseparable loves. The top drawer of my conscious bureau is the sacred repository of those relics which you left your expiring Matilda at the dreadful moment of your departure. These are, indeed, my dear, the only consolation that remains; and what words can paint the ecstasy with which I run from that Sir Harry to imprint a hallowed kiss on the *trifle from Tunbridge*, as the urn

in which the sacred ashes of my dear friend's memory repose.

"*Two o'clock.*—That insufferable man, Sir Harry, has made me eternally his enemy. He insisted upon it, that I must have some little Deity that I adored in my chamber, and swore that he would kneel to the same shrine. Do you know, the audacious wretch followed me up stairs, and ravished from me that kiss which I had consecrated to the tortoise shell tooth-pick case, one of thy sacred remembrances. Since this greatest of my misfortunes, I have considered my lips as too profane to touch any relics of thine.

"*Tuesday. Four o'clock.*—Would you believe it, my dear girl? Sir Harry is the most truly wretched penitent that ever the world saw. He swears and vows he looks upon himself as the vilest of creatures, since he committed such a sacrilege at the shrine of friendship. He is growing quite Platonic, and offers to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Morocco, to atone for the injury done to friendship, to me, and my Myrtilla.

"*Six o'clock.*—Oh, Myrtilla! join with me, my dear, in the warm transports of a feeling heart. Friendship has triumphed over love: Sir Harry is quite a convert.—How I wish you could see a most beautiful pair of ear-rings he has sent me as a trophy of friendship! and then his manner, Myrtilla, so noble and so refined! Alas! why fear I to confess? I am no longer afraid of his kisses, now I am convinced he is under the dominion of this noble sentiment. Nothing can equal the pure and elegant feelings with which his bosom is inspired; every day brings me some fresh testimony, and I am perfectly decked in the emblematical dress of friendship. Oh, friendship! friendship! balm of life, as the poet says. We have agreed to be brother and sister; and then he gives me such a fraternal kiss, as puts my whole frame into a glow of Platonic affection. Sweet, unblushing raptures! holy delights! which nothing but friendship can bestow. But I begin to rave.

"*Wednesday. Six o'clock.*—How shall thy poor Matilda express the sorrow she feels at being obliged to put off the visit of her dear Myrtilla! This saucy brother of mine vows

he will not leave the house these three months. I assure you he is so proud of the victory which he has gained over himself, that he is quite imperious. I am afraid to send him away, lest his cure should not quite be complete. Brothers, you know, are always unmanageable. I declare I am quite miserable about it; for I had formed the most enchanting plans for the month you were to spend with me. "O Sensibility! thou bane of life," as Shakespeare somewhere has it. I am delighted, however, to think that you will still see my helmet bonnet unimpaired, as well as the trophy to friendship, and the girdle, which brother Hal calls the *gage d'amitie*, since I am obliged to go directly into mourning; alas! how shall I write it? for my cousin Maria Wilhelmina, who was dearer to me by far than life. How I wish you could mingle your tears with mine, and comfort *mon cœur désespéré*! My brother, will, in the mean time, act for you. I am sure, however, I shall never recover it while I move in this sublimary scene of turmoil and distraction. My brother longs to be introduced to you, and dies to call you sister. Adieu, *ma chère*, adieu, and believe me in agony to embrace you.

Your fond, affectionate, afflicted, friend,

ISABELLA CLARA MATILDA.

"P. S. Will the dear Myrtilla send her deoting Matilda those pearl bracelets which she gave her at the unspeakable moment of their cruel separation; as Matilda, in the then deplorable state of her mind, forgot they were a grandmother's keep-sake.—Matilda will send her Myrtilla in its place another lock of hair, as a dearer pledge of their sacred friendship. Alas! poor Yorick! Adieu, *tendre amie*." [CONTINUED.]

#### THE TRUE AMBITION OF AN HONEST MIND.

WERE I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense, than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune.—Business—enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition, nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

#### A M U S I N G.

REPORTS OF CASES ARGUED and DETERMINED in the SUPREME COURT OF CUPID.

HIEMAL TERM—ANNO AMORIS, 5808.

REGINA VS. MORTIMER.

THE Defendant was indicted for male coquetry, and the Counsel for the Government proved the following facts: He was a young man of pleasing manners and handsome address; was peculiarly fond of the company of ladies; possessed the qualities most calculated to procure their esteem and admiration; had apparently been civil to several young ladies in particular, two or three of whom had the misfortune to fall in love with him; that he had conducted himself towards those young ladies in a manner extremely different from his former politeness and attention, in order to convince them they wished and expected what he could not bestow; that in consequence of this behavior, the ladies often experienced mortifications, had lost their vivacity, become dejected, indisposed, and unhappy; and their friends procured this indictment in order to bring him to that punishment, to which his conduct made him liable.

Gaylove, Sergeant, agreed for the defendant that no offence had been proved, and therefore the indictment was not supported. Admitting all the facts above recited, said he, where is the crime? Is it criminal to be an agreeable young man, to have a handsome exterior, to be polite, accomplished and well-bred? It is indeed pretended, that he has *apparently* been particular. But is a man to be condemned for appearances; and are not young ladies very apt to suppose a gentleman partial to them, when he really cares very little about them? Do they not very often construe general civilities into designed attentions? Have they not very often fallen in love with persons, who never endeavored and never wished to obtain their affections? And how can a young man prevent or cure these follies? If he treats the lady with usual civility, does not her passion derive encouragement from his politeness? If he is cold and distant in his manners towards her, do not obstacles often kindle that flame which they were intended to extinguish? If he contradicts a report, does not the world more firmly believe it? If he endeavors to laugh it off by admitting the facts, does not every one say, "It must be true, for he confesses it?" And is a gentleman continually to be reproached, because, forsooth, a young lady is silly and weak; is he to be brought criminally to the bar, because two or three weak-headed girls fall in love with him against his will? No: let the girls subdue this idle passion; all merit is not in the possession of one person; let them examine and duly appreciate the accomplish-

ments and characters of other young men, and divide those affections, which when concentrated upon one individual, cannot so easily be overcome. Love is the child of fancy, and solitude, and is nursed by idleness; ladies, therefore, are peculiarly subject to its influence; but the invincibility of the passion is a doctrine now every where exploded but in a few silly novels; and the man or the woman who sluggishly languishes under its soft dominion, and cherishes that misery, which it is in their power to remedy, deserves that secret wretchedness which preys on the heart and no one ought to be punished for the sufferings of silly people, who are their own tormentors.

Besides, continued he, we have many other reasons, why the defendant should not be found guilty. And here he offered evidence to prove that the defendant, so far from being a coquette, had a serious affair of the heart in another quarter, and had made honorable overtures.

But the Court interfered, and said he had done enough, and directed the Defendant to be acquitted.

MARCOFF VS. DONALDSON.

AN action of trover was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for the recovery of his heart, unjustly detained by her.

The facts, that turned out in evidence, were, that the defendant appeared to be beautiful, good-natured, witty and wealthy, and the plaintiff supposing her so, voluntarily bestowed his affections upon her, but afterwards discovered, that her beauty was artificial, her good nature affected, her wit borrowed, and her wealth imaginary; and under these circumstances brought this action.

The question was, whether as he had voluntarily resigned himself, without any apparent exertions on the part of the defendant to ensnare him, he should be permitted to take advantage of his own weakness and inconstancy, and be entitled to recover?

And the court decided, that where deceit of any kind was practised, directly and indirectly, the persons deceived should be released from their engagements, and be restored to their former situation.

#### NOVEL-WRITING.

AS I strolled, one foggy morning, into one of my uncle's fields, for the purpose of bathing in a little brook which ran through it, I was somewhat surprised at seeing a romantic youth, belonging to the village, sitting on the margin of the stream, seemingly in a thoughtful mood. Curious to know for what purpose he was here at so early an hour, I stepped unperceived behind a thorn-bush hard by, and looked on with anxious attention.

He was leaning his elbow upon a flat rock and held in his hand a small scrap of paper on which he had been writing. I was now



convinced that he was attempting a description of some rural scene, and had repaired hither for the purpose of copying from nature itself.—I was not kept long in suspense, for, wishing to know how his *morning's work* would sound, he mounted the rock, and, with an audible voice, read as follows :

"On one of those beautiful May mornings, when Nature, with a liberal hand, had strewn its delightful sweets throughout the fields and groves : When the flute-throated songsters, warbled their dulcet notes from every spray : And while the flowery meads were yet spangled with the pearly dew, Ferdinandascillo walked out to contemplate the beauties of the surrounding landscape ; but more to give loose to those melancholy and heart-rending reflections which arose from the cool and unkind treatment of his dear Adelinastirtilleo. He bent his pensive way adown a shady walk, where the tall branches of arching elms shut out the dazzling rays of the refulgent God of Day, which now appeared from behind the summit of the eastern mountain. Upon the flower-bespangled margin of a little rivulet, which after falling in a murmuring cascade, lost itself among the windings of the rocks, Ferdinandascillo sat himself down. While he was thus sitting in melancholy mood, he was startled by the sound of a voice.—He looked round and beheld his lovely Adelinastirtilleo."

The youth here seemed to be raised to such a pitch of enthusiasm, as to really imagine his mistress was behind him.—He turned suddenly about.—He beheld, not his "lovely Adelinastirtilleo," but his elevation enabled him to discover behind the thornbush

YOUNG YORICK.

#### ANECDOTES.

NOT long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients, as follows —"Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why, I'll tell you, (replies the Quack) in the neck, there is two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink ; at the top of these pipes, is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink, it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But Doctor, (says the patient) it seems to me that clapper must fly d—n sharp when we eat pudding and milk!"

A few days ago, as a sailor was travelling on the great road near Brotherton, a hare made an attempt to cross the road, but was so confounded by two carriages at the same time passing, that she ran so near the sailor as enabled him to knock her down, which having done, he put it in his handkerchief, and travelled on ; and soon after met with an honorable Baronet, particularly tenacious in the preservation of his game, who immediately called out to the sailor, "I say, man,

is that your own hare?" and upon receiving no answer, the same question was twice repeated : at last the tar vociferated—"D—your eyse, you Lubber, do you suppose I wear a wig?"

#### LITERARY GLEANINGS.

It is with some men as with some horses —what is esteemed spirit in them proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit, discovered by Tully, in regard to his antagonist M. Antony. He knew he must destroy him or be destroyed himself.

The same qualities joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out a highway-man ; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning somewhat varied—

"*Tentanda via est qua me quoque possum  
Tollere humo.*"

"i. e. *Be promoted or be hanged.*"

The character of a decent, well behaved, gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is therefore no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and keep his teeth clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good nature would forgive the blunder of a country esq. who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop, who, may in some sense, to use the words of Horace :

"*Quod verum atque decens cure et regoret :  
..... omnis in hoc sum.*"

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

People of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, and of consequence the most lively passions ; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weakness which they have in common with themselves ; but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions ; of course, always inclined to dispute their superiority.

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment ; as the person that wears an ornamental sword is ever more vain than he that wears a useful one.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments ; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials ; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of the earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have, and pity is the most common cause of their tears. A woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, but a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence.

The first maxim in a married condition is : 'that you be above trifles.' When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect, in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences ; but for the less occasions the have formed no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

*Advice to a newly married lady.*

Above all be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman ; that is, a levity which you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is, even in a mistress, an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very little spirit to overlook it.

Bigotry proceeds through narrow-mindedness, and misguided zeal.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

OUR readers will please to observe, that the present volume of THE HIVE will close on the 13th of June next. Many of our subscribers, particularly in distant parts of the Union, have contracted for the paper until that time and no longer. Those, however, who do not give us counter-orders will still be considered as subscribers, and the papers of the second volume will be forwarded as usual ; in which case the stipulated advance-money must be paid as soon as possible. Those who wish to discontinue the paper, (if there are any such) are desired to give us immediate information.

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## POETRY.

## FOR THE HIVE.

## ODE, TO A NOSEGAY.

LOVELY flowers! of various hues,  
Cull'd from Garden, Mead and Grove,  
A happier lot for you I choose,  
To deck the breast of her I love.

Your life is short! why spend in vain  
Your fragrance in the empty air? . . .  
Come let me take you in the train  
Of gifts, to please my charming fair.

Reclining on her gentle breast,  
A thousand times you'll bless your lot;  
Constant, like me, to her you'll rest,  
All others' charms will be forgot.

To her a symbol may you prove—  
One day you flourish—next you die;  
Then teach th' angelic girl I love,  
In life 'tis wisdom to enjoy. ÆSOP.

## NECESSITY ITS OWN LAW.

UNKIND to say, I ran away,  
As calumny has talk'd, -  
Since here to-day, my debts to pay,  
And all my tour I walk'd.

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold  
There is nothing in equipage, honors or gold;  
That bliss in *externals* we seldom can find, [mind.  
And, in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt;  
'Tis something *within* him, 'tis nothing without.  
This something, they said, was the source of content,  
But, whatever they call'd it, 'twas WINE that they [meant.

Upon their own principles I could have shew'd 'em,  
That the juice of the grape is the true *summum bonum*.  
Without us, I grant ye, 'tis not worth a pin,  
But, ye Gods, how divine, when we get it *within*.

The wealthy are poor, and the haughty repine  
If, with gold & with grandeur, you give them no wine.  
But plenty of wine to the beggar afford;  
Only make him as drunk—he's as great as a lord.

While the bottle is wanting the soul is depress'd,  
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;  
But the toper for every encounter is ready,  
And Joan, when you're drunk, is as good as my lady.

He surely can boast little brains of his own,  
Who attempted to find the Philosopher's Stone:  
To turn lead into gold is an idle design,  
So I'll be content to turn gold into wine.

## IMPERTINENCE REWARDED.

BY WM. HOLLOWAY.

TOM HAGGARD was a waggish lad  
As any in the village;  
And three lean steeds were all he had  
For riding, draught, and tillage.

With faggots to the neighboring town,  
Of crept his creaking waggon,  
While slow along the dusty road,  
Behind the swain would lag on.

And always, as the road he pass'd,  
A bonny Scot would meet him,  
With weighty pack his shoulders grac'd—  
And thus was sure to greet him:—

"Ho, *Joskin*! laddy, what d'ye buy?  
"I've muslins, choice and plenty;  
"Lawns, laces, cambrics—purchase, try—  
"I warrant I'll content ye."

Thus once or twice a week at least,  
He found himself embarrass'd,  
And studied hard to turn the jest  
On him who teaz'd and harass'd.

One day, as usual, on his road,  
He met the merchant toiling,  
And hail'd him thus—"Man pitch your load,  
"And cease from your turmoiling:

"I want an article or two,  
"Come let us see your treasure."  
"Aye," said the Scotsman, "that I'll do,  
"And that wi' muckle pleasure."

With this the lumbering pack he pitch'd—  
First loosen'd from his shoulders—  
With wealth of either Ind. enrich'd,  
The wonder of beholders.

With two brown hands upon the *Ed*,  
Tom stood and lean'd him over;  
While Sawney rumag'd every thread,  
Its beauties to discover.

He held his pieces to the sun,  
And claiming due attention,  
This chapman told, of every one,  
The praise he scarce could mention.

"Nor this, nor that," Tom coolly cried,  
"Will suit my inclination;"  
The trader's smile his heart belied,  
That rankled with vexation:

"But tell me plainly what you want?"  
The testy Scotsman grumbled—  
"Why, what your walking warehouse ha'n't,"  
The crafty Thomas mumbled;—

Then added, with a sneering smile—  
"Your zearch, you may forbear it;  
"I wanted a VORE WAGGON WHEEL,  
"But you ha' nothing near it!"

[Mr. Park, the African traveller, having arrived at the city of Sego, was prevented from entering it, by an order from Manson, king of Bambarra, and was advised to spend the night at a distant village. At this village, however, no one would receive him; and he was preparing to pass the night on the branches of a tree, in hunger and amidst a storm, when he was relieved by a woman, who was returning from the labours of the field. It was at the hut of this female that his wants were relieved, and his sorrows sung. The female part of the family lightened their labour, by songs, one of which was extempore; for he was himself the subject of it: it was sung by one of the young women; the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these—"The winds roared, and the rain fell—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree—He hath no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.—Chorus—Let us pity the white man," &c. &c. The Dutchess of Devonshire has turned this song into verse—Ferrary has set it to music.]

## THE YOUNG NEGRO WOMEN'S SONG.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;  
The white man yielded to the blast:  
He sat him down beneath our tree,  
For weary, sad, and faint was he;  
And, ah! no wife or mother's care  
For him the milk or corn prepare.

## CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share;  
Alas! no wife, nor mother's care  
For him the milk or corn prepare!

The storm is o'er, the tempest past;  
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.  
The wind is heard in whispers low;  
The whiteman far away must go;  
But ever in his heart will bear  
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

## CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear  
The Negro's wish; the Negro's prayer;  
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

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To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

Complete files, from No. 1, may be had on application.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

CHARLES M'DOWELL,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.